

IN CHURCH.

I never mark the pastor's pose,
His ministerial air;
I never note the clothes
The congregation wear;
Repeat the text I could not do,
I'm deaf to every plea,
When Prudence occupies the pew
Across the aisle from me.

She sits a sweet divinity
Of goodness and of grace;
Then, is it strange I should see
Of hope save in her face?
A hope earthy, 'tis true,
Yet saving grace I see
When Prudence occupies the pew
Across the aisle from me.

Perhaps the pastor's fervent speech
To his flock giveth food,
The theme seems quite beyond my reach,
Though well I love imbued.
That part I grasp, and take as true,
For mine's the mood, you see,
When Prudence occupies the pew
Across the aisle from me.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Munsey's Magazine.



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CHAPTER XV.
THE FOG.

The moon was up, and it cast a lusty light over the lowlands and the river, though its setting would not be late. It was a lovely night; in faith, all nature was possessed of a beauty which made the thought of yielding up of life bitter enough. Everything suggested freedom, from the rolling of the distant woodland on Long Island to the sparkle and dance of the water which lay between it and me, barring me from liberty and my inborn right to breathe the free air. The speck that shot across the brilliant moon path I knew to be a patrol boat, and a sudden hatred of the bonds that compassed me, as exemplified in that small floating thing, brought my muscles into iron bands, and I clutched the sill with my fingers until the casing cracked.

I turned back to the others, and we ate the balance of our meal in silence, even the girl feeling the growing nearness of the end and glancing furtively at each man's face in turn.

I think we sat in this state of depression for much more than an hour, or longer after we had finished eating, and each face was well-nigh lost in the darkness. The window being open, no light was made, and, as there was not a breath of wind, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of night life without. There was a faint shimmer of moonlight on the floor which barely gave form to those at the table, but the only sign of animation existing within doors was the glow of our three pipes as we men sat and sucked away, each respecting the thoughts of the others.

At length Burt spoke. "I am bound to confess that darkness looms ahead," he began, "and if I make a suggestion, it is not to hint that you should take a hopeless chance in order that I may be rid of you. Could you do aught with a boat? I have one concealed that might be made ready in an hour."

The spell of silence and inactivity was broken, for the girl left her chair and stepped softly to the window as I replied: "I have thought of boats, but only for the Hudson side. Could we go far and not be picked up by another such sneaking devil of a patrol as I saw yonder? Whither shall we go? I say we, for we must be. I have cast my lot with the others."

He made no answer, and I rose and joined the girl (whom I could hardly yet think of as a girl) at the window. But now the aspect of nature had changed, and the fair picture I had seen below but a short time before was blurred as a breath blurs a cold pane. With the quick alteration possible in this region and at this season, within the hour the night had grown damp, and a light, low fog hung over the river and its banks, so shallow, so still, and so silvery in the clear moonlight that it was as though a quiet inundation had engulfed the land and turned the world into a lake. At the elevation from which I viewed it, I looked down upon it as one looks down upon the sea from a low headland. A billowy fullness lifted here and there, slow moving and majestic, but over its vast extent the line betwixt fog and clear air was sharply drawn. No moon "raked" out across this fleecy ocean, no sharp ripple broke its surface, and a breeze would have wrecked its strange beauty in a second.

The trees rose through the vapor, clear at their tops but invisible at their bases, and one dead sycamore stood strongly out against the light like the masts and rigging of a sunken ship. Its similarity struck me. As my eye caught it, like a flash of lightning an idea shot into my brain and my pipe snapped off at my teeth as I bit through the stem in the intensity of my feeling. With a cry I sprang for Ames, and gripping him by the shoulders with a force that made him cry out, I said, or rather shouted:

"I have it! I have it! Now is the time! Will you follow me and take a monstrous chance? Look, man! Mark the fog! We will to the boat—drift for the Phantom—cut her cable and trust to the ebb and God above to carry us just the feet."

"The phantom? For the love of God, what phantom? Are you suddenly daft, Thorndyke, that you see ghosts?" was the vehement return of the youth, as with a violent twist he tried to free himself from my grasp.

"Nay, man, no ghost!" I cried, betwixt a laugh and a sob, so high was my nervous excitement. "My ship—the schooner Phantom! Have I not told you? She lies but a mile below on a straight drift. See, man, see!" I said, I hurrying him to the window.

"The fog will be our guard! Once away, we are safe! The death of the Phantom, if it did not show in the quiet and confident smile with which she had adopted every suggestion and obeyed every order with as little hesitation as though she had been a disciplined soldier. In her hand she held a pistol which was huddled closely in her cloak to keep the damp from its priming, and in an emergency I fully believed she would use it with a quail."

I had given orders that no shot should be fired save in extremity, determining that interference should be met by cold steel only. At the onset I feared nothing beyond blundering into a patrol, and in that case the use of firearms might alarm the enemy ashore.

In the above fashion, then, we drifted along for perhaps 20 minutes, the wet dripping from my brows and lashes like tears. I had no means of getting at our definite whereabouts save by guessing by our speed, that making me think we should be abreast of the highlands below Turtle bay. Turning

to life! I am for it! We have no home, and can lose no more than is already lost if we remain here. Will you cast your lot with him—with us—and risk the danger which can be no greater beyond than in this place? Come, Thorndyke, make it clear; show her 'tis the last resort, desperate though it be."

There was no need of argument, however, for with one hand in that of her brother and the other stretched toward me, she simply answered: "I dare all you dare! Have I not stood with lifted head and untroubled form as she spoke the words."

Out of sheer respect and admiration for the heroism of this girl, I felt like bending my knee even as a knight bends before his sovereign, but the practical mind of Burt put a period to any possibility of mock heroics, for that individual asked in the calmest of tones:

"Is your ship still where she has been? Is she deserted, or, at least, is she not guarded?"

"Three days ago not a gasket had been touched since the broad arrow was painted on her bow," I answered. "By night she is guarded by a single man, but that troubles me less than would a fly on a hot day. He has seen his last sun if he thwarts me. I care not for one man nor three if I can but guide my approach. From aught I know—nothing has been done to her, except to carry away. She was thought fit to go on an errand to Pigot, only wanting in men, arms, and provisions; even the fresh water stowed forward may be good!"

"Arms and provisions you can have. They are even now in the barn room," he answered slowly and in strong contrast to my excited speech. "But," he continued, as he closed the shutters, blocked the windows, and lighted the candle, "might you not overshoot your vessel in the fog, or run into some of the anchored fleet when once adrift?"

"Ay, all is chance!" broke in Ames; "and 'twere better to take the chance than to be run to earth like a tired fox, as is like to happen in biding here. What, then, would come to you, Peter? Like enough you would help weight a third string, and we all hang together!"

"When does the tide ebb to-night?" I asked.

"Near eleven, or at about the setting of the moon," Burt answered. Then after a moment he continued: "Well, God be with you, gentlemen! I will do my part. Like the refuge in the barn, I made the boat and hid it while yet Washington held the city. I clearly foresaw the outcome of his collision with Clinton, and little doubted the ultimate use of both barn and boat. Either is at your service."

With the opening of possible escape before me, and one demanding immediate action, my spirits went aloft in the measure of their former depression. Nor did I fear their reaction, as enough uncertainty lay before to keep a man's eyes and wits awake, and that, too, without the aid of liquor. Even after the decision to trust to the boat was made, my mind misgave me. Was it better to drag this girl into the danger of an attempt to fly through a plan which might be nipped in the bud and end by our running at once into the hands of the enemy, or he in a suffocating box with the doubtful chance of being overlooked? Even if safer, the latter would become more than awkward if necessity demanded protracted concealment, and if discovery ensued it would but serve to damn our generous benefactor. Besides, to tell the truth, I had no wish to be found like a scared rabbit in a hole. A man's pride hangs on high as long as his breath, if he be properly balanced, and I had made a reputation of which, to say the least, I was not ashamed. Nay, I would make a bold and novel move, and, if it must so come, end my life like a man with his liver of the proper color.

This much settled, and in less time than it has taken to write it, I thought and spoke no more of the barn room, but turned with the rest to making ready. Beyond the boat, the bundle of provisions, an extra brace of pistols, and a rapier, we mulcted our host of nothing. In an hour the boat, which was no more than a flat-bottomed scow squared at the ends, was brought from his hiding place. It was fitted with the roughest of oars and but one thwart, and was a damp affair altogether, its concealment having been made through covering it with boards on which had been piled a mass of wet salt weed. It proved tight, though terribly heavy, but as I worked I completed the details of the start, and had determined that the use of oars would but menace our safety, so that speed, or lack of it, would be a quality cutting no figure. We would but drift and steer.

After cleaning it, there was little else to do but load the boat, getting the arms snugly bestowed, and then wait for the slackening of the flood tide. It was tedious and impatient waiting, for I feared me that the wind might rise and wreck the fog. If this should happen before dawn our prospects would be wrecked with it, and then—then—

But I am not prone to borrow trouble, though it was with half relief and half regret that toward midnight I finally heard the swashing of the ebb as it eddied along the rocks, and knew the time to start had come. The full realization of the risk came upon me as I stood with painter in hand giving my last farewell to Burt. "God keep you safe!" he said. "If I find the schooner gone to-morrow, and hear not of your capture by Thursday, I will thank Him as never before." The next minute the three of us were out on the Sound river, and the black land was hidden by the fog that closed around us.

At once sculled out into the stream until I struck the free current, and then sat myself on the boat's bottom, using an oar as a rudder to keep the scow's head down the river, letting her drift with the tide which was here running at a great rate. All night sounds from the land were lost in the thick cloud, and an almost dead silence ensued as we whirled southward, the only break being an occasional sucking noise in the water, due to the hurrying whirlpools.

It was nervous work. Ames was forward as a lookout, his figure even at that short distance being almost lost in the combined darkness and blur. The girl, seated upon the center thwart, held herself as straight as an arrow, though her head was slightly bent as in intense listening. Fears of her becoming an incubus had long since vanished, and if her heart beat thickly at our dubious adventure, it did not show in the quiet and confident smile with which she had adopted every suggestion and obeyed every order with as little hesitation as though she had been a disciplined soldier. In her hand she held a pistol which was huddled closely in her cloak to keep the damp from its priming, and in an emergency I fully believed she would use it with a quail."

I had given orders that no shot should be fired save in extremity, determining that interference should be met by cold steel only. At the onset I feared nothing beyond blundering into a patrol, and in that case the use of firearms might alarm the enemy ashore. In the above fashion, then, we drifted along for perhaps 20 minutes, the wet dripping from my brows and lashes like tears. I had no means of getting at our definite whereabouts save by guessing by our speed, that making me think we should be abreast of the highlands below Turtle bay. Turning

the boat's head inshore, I ran close to the rocks, and then slid along (more slowly for being hard by the bank) just beyond what I thought to be the loom of the land. By this I had gotten into the swing of the situation and had less fear of interruption than of missing the Phantom. 'Twould be an easy matter to slip by her, and even could I once mark the height of Corlears Hook, with its alarm beacon always ready for the touch of a torch, I would then be an unusual sailor if I could make a straight shot at her old anchorage. In the darkness both beacon and heights would be beyond vision, and I was approaching what was very like real worry when my fears were relieved and our present situation indicated by the sound of eight bells struck in true man-o'-war-manner's style that came floating over the river about our larboard beam. I gave a fair guess that the measured beats came from the Bellerophon striking the hour of midnight, that ship being the only vessel of size which had been anchored above the Jersey prison hulk to dispute a possible passage of the Sound river from above. I was sure of this when, after intently listening, I heard no other striking, for had the fleet been near there would have been a harmony of bells in quick succession.

My mind being thus relieved, I turned the tub's head into the stream again, and for awhile we floated rapidly and silently along, a boat with three figures that might have been carved from stone, so rigid were our attitudes of watchfulness and expectancy.

I fear I am none too strong a believer in the doctrine of special providences, though I have seemed to see its workings in my own behalf, as instanced in the breeze that saved me from the knife of the negro; but if ever the Almighty carried three human beings in the hollow of His hand, and pointed out the way of deliverance from pressing danger, He did it this night, and that without the working of a miracle. Suddenly, and without the intervention of a breeze, we were floating in clear water. Before us rose a white, impenetrable cloud of a dull luminosity, while behind us lay the most veil from which we had just drifted. Its height was clearly marked, and showed the mist extended not more than 20 feet above the river's surface. We had struck a chasm in the fog, and once when on the high seas I had marked the like, then, as now, there being no wind to mix or drive the vapor.

The rift was but a few hundred feet across, though it apparently extended from shore to shore, like the waters rolled back for the passage of the children of Israel. Not a boat was in sight. On either hand the water lay black and flat, only shimmered here and there by the light of the stars that shone clearly overhead. [This incident must not be considered forced. The writer saw these exact conditions while on a ferry boat from New York to Brooklyn during a foggy night in the summer of 1898. The phenomenon is probably due to a warm and comparatively dry streak of slowly moving air, and lasts but a few moments.]

It was a wonderful, an awe-inspiring sight, but the quick exclamation I involuntarily made—the first sound from the boat since it left Turtle bay—was followed by almost a shout as I marked a height of headland from the top of which, faintly outlined against the pale sky, stood up the beacon. It was Corlears Hook past doubt, known not alone by its rounded outline, but by the unused alarm signal which Clinton had caused to be placed there to warn the fleet in case of a sudden attack by the Americans. A watch was always kept from this



Fog.

point, but I doubt that the eye of an eagle could have caught the tiny speck of our boat with its load of three as it floated over the space of open water.

In less than five minutes we were plunged into the opposite bank of fog, and then I passed the girl to my place in the stern, quietly shipped the oars in the thwart, muffled throat, seated myself on the thwart, and held me ready to alter our course and feel for the schooner as soon as we had gained a trifle more way down the river.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CABIN OF THE PHANTOM.

With my mind lost to all else save the calculation of the speed and distance we were making, and my body braced forward awaiting the proper moment to swerve the boat's course, I was suddenly startled by a quick exclamation from Ames, which was at once followed by a rasping bump and the heeling of the scow until the water poured in over the gunwale. At the same moment the starboard oar received a blow that almost tore it from my hand, and what seemed a huge black object arose alongside and quickly vanished in the mist and darkness astern. The suddenness and smartness of the shock were startling; but, quick as were the appearance and disappearance of the obstruction we had fouled, I recognized it to be the gear buoy which marked the outer edge of the reef extending from the Hook into the river.

One might have cruised a week under the conditions besetting us and failed to have picked it up. It was like groping through the proverbial haystack and finding the proverbial needle without having looked for it, and, though its greeting had well-nigh been disastrous, it gave me the one point I wished with absolute accuracy. I now knew that we were nearly dead on the Phantom, and not two cable lengths away; indeed, had we missed the rude warning of the spar, it was but fair to reckon we would have fouled the schooner herself unless in my miscalculations I had altered our course, in which case we would have missed her altogether.

Quickly turning the boat's head about, I let it drift stern first, and even before I expected, heard the rush of the tide against a vessel's stem, and almost instantly, mag-

nified through the fog, loomed up the black wall the bow of the schooner.

So suddenly were we upon it that the jolt boom was well over us before I sighted the black hull, and with all my might I checked the boat's way, grasping the bobsay in time to save the taut cable, and we came to a rest. The suck of the rushing waters against the broad, flat end of the scow made me fearful that the noise would call the guard's attention forward, and, whispering into the ear of Ames to hold all fast until I returned, I gently rid me of my boots, took my sword betwixt my teeth, swarmed up the stay to the bowsprit, and stood again on the deck of my own schooner.

At last 'twas done. The exultation I felt would be but natural to any man who sees the successful ending of a difficult undertaking. Fog and darkness were as nothing to me here; my way aft would have been clear had I been blind, but hardly had I gotten abreast the foremost when I heard the burly tones of one man addressing another, and the noise of oars as they fell into rowlocks came plainly to my strained ear. Stepping softly over the bulwark, I lowered myself to the channel and listened.

"An' yet get astray in the fog an' come not back by dawn, I'll have ye in the guard-house for bein' off post," said the voice from the deck.

"Nay," came the answer from a boat; "ye do me a good turn by giving me this leave; fear me not. I'll ne'er betray you or fail to be back in time for ye to get ashore. 'Tis a summer's fog, an' will melt by sunrise! Tell him I will fetch the run."

"Fetch it, then, but not in yer skin," was the return. "If they speak of me, say ye heard I was going on a quest to Kingsbridge, to be back on the morrow. Ye had better belay yer lip, for ye are off post, an' I hold ye in my hand."

"Ay, ay! Never fear! Good night!" was the answer, and the boat moved off with steady strokes of the oar, while the first speaker evidently entered the cabin, for I heard the companion door open and close. Then all was again silent.

Here was an unexpected situation made more mysterious from the fact that there was something familiar in the voice of the man who had just gone below. I could not place it, only noting that both men spoke with the savor of sea brine in their words, and though one was totally strange to me, the voice of the other hung in my ear as a misty dream hangs in the mind after waking, naught but its effect remaining.

Getting to the deck again, I moved slowly aft, stopping as I noticed a slight luminosity at the side of the cabin, but on further cautious approach found the cause. The cabin was lighted. To prevent the light from going beyond the vessel a tarpaulin had been stretched over the cabin house from rail to rail, thus leaving an open space betwixt the rails and the deadlights, whereby was served the double end of obtaining air and guarding the outward show of light.

Here was deviltry for sure. Dropping on to my stomach, I snaked myself beneath the tarpaulin, brought my eye to the swung back port, and nearly betrayed myself by the start I made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A READER OF CHARACTER.

Stuart, the American Painter, Was a Good Judge of Human Nature.

"I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is; the face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face; he replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose, distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport, R. I., celebrated for his powers of calculation, out in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said: "I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jemmy.'"

"Calculating Jemmy!" repeated the curator, in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the duke of Northumberland, his host privily called his attention to a gentleman, and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

"Tell me what sort of a man he is."

"I may speak frankly?"

"By all means."

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand, he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society."

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel, and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound; the kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment, and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder."

"Why, boy," said he—so he used to address me—"you must not mix your colors with turpentine; you must have some oil!"

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait-painter of merit.—Youth's Companion.

Only Wancy.

Husband (on his return from business)—Why, my dear, what is the matter? You look ill.

Wife (faintly)—Oh! Jim, I've just been reading some patent medicine advertisement, and I find I have 16 diseases, any one of which may prove fatal.

—Ally Sloper.

Liberty's Limitations.

Immigrant—At last I am in free America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he?

Native—Y-e-s, unless he's married.—N. Y. Weekly.

Blink—Is there anything worse than to have a guest you can't amuse?

Wink—Yes; to be the guest of a man that can't amuse you.—N. Y. World.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

First Session.

House.—The case of Brigham H. Roberts, the Mormon representative-elect from Utah, which has occupied so much of the attention of the house since the assembling of congress, was decided by the adoption of a resolution to exclude him by a vote of 288 to 50. Some minor business was transacted, and a bill was passed to create another judicial district in the eastern division of Tennessee. A bill was passed fixing the salary of the postmaster of Washington at \$8,000. February 10 was set aside for paying tribute to the memory of the late Representative Settle of Kentucky. Bills were introduced to pay each volunteer soldier who served in Cuba \$250, and each one who served in the Philippines \$500, in lieu of travel pay; to prohibit persons not officers of the army or navy from wearing the uniform of the United States.

Washington, Jan. 28.—Senate.—Not in session.

House.—The greater portion of the session of the house was devoted to eulogies upon the life and public service of the late Vice President Hobart. The tributes paid to his memory were not perfunctory eulogies, but breathed the love and admiration and respect in which he was universally held. Before the eulogies began the conference report on the census bill was adopted and an attempt was made to pass a bill to pay the cost of repairing the Manila cable, which drew the opposition, however, and it went over. Sherman (rep., N. Y.), reported the Indian appropriation bill. Cannon (rep., Ill.) called up the general deficiency bill and asked for the appointment of a conference committee on the senate amendment to the bill. Cannon (rep., Wis.) and Livingston (Ga.) were appointed the conferees.

Washington, Jan. 27.—Senate.—Not in session.

House.—The house gave an hour to eulogies on the late Representative Baird, of Louisiana, and beyond this transacted no business of importance.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Senate.—Senator Mason, replying to a British vice consul at New Orleans who had criticized his personal views on the Boer war, introduced a resolution in going to war against the Boers. He asked that the peace treaty be rejected, that the barrier to mediation will be removed. Senator Hoar spoke in the same strain, as did also Mr. Lodge. Mr. Bryan delivered a speech on the Philippine question, maintaining that this government ought to extend to the Philippines the right to govern themselves.

House.—Representative Brown introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the construction of a public building at Xenia, O. Representative Bowers of Kentucky introduced a bill to pension Lieut. Col. L. H. Rousseau, Somerset, Ky., at the rate of \$20 a month. Vol. Rousseau was an officer of the 12th Kentucky infantry. Mr. Bowers introduced also a large number of minor pension bills. Representative John A. Bland of West Virginia introduced a bill authorizing the secretary of the treasury to pay to the trustees of the Mouth of the Great Kanawha river, Sumner county, West Virginia, \$500 for a church edifice destroyed by United States troops during the civil war. Clay of Kentucky introduced a resolution that on July 4, 1900, the military and naval forces of the United States be withdrawn from the island of Cuba, and that the government thereof be left to the Cuban people. A bill to require pilots and officers of steam vessels to make out and file their applications for licenses was passed.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Senate.—A bill providing that the cannon on the gunboat Nashville, from which the first shot was fired in the Spanish-American war, be condemned and presented to the city of Nashville was passed. Senator Stanford introduced three bills in a speech on the Philippine question. The pension calendar was taken up. Among the bills passed were the following: Granting to Annie Brumby, mother of Lieut. Brumby, who was Adm. Dewey's flag lieutenant, \$20 a month; to pay \$500 to the widow of John Phillips, in view of his services as a dispatch bearer in the Sioux war. W. V. Sullivan, recently elected senator from Mississippi, was sworn in.

House.—The house was in session only a short time and transacted no business. The bill pensioning the first shot was introduced, among them being the following: To pension Mary E. Penn, widow of Lewis S. Penn, a private in the company Ohio volunteer cavalry, at the rate of \$12 a month; authorizing the payment of \$200 to the family of a private who died at 6 per cent since October 15, 1893, that being the amount paid by him in resisting the call to the army, though he was incarcerated for service; to pension Maggie M. Myers, widow of Scamard Myers, company C, 23d Ohio volunteer infantry, at the rate of \$12 a month; to pension the 11th Ohio volunteer infantry, at the rate of \$24 a month each.

Washington, Jan. 31.—Senate.—A heated debate took place over the Philippine question. Mr. Pettigrew wished a statement made by Aguinaldo, that Dewey had officially recognized the Filipino printed in the Record. His actions were denounced by a number of senators. Mr. Hawley going so far as to say they were treasonable at the conclusion of the scene the financial bill was taken up and discussed by Mr. Berry and Mr. Teller.

House.—After the transaction of miscellaneous business the house went into committee of the whole on the Indian appropriation bill. The bill carries \$7,325,233.

DEAD BODIES ARRIVE.

Remains of Gen. Lawton, Gen. Logan and Lieut. Bennett and Dr. Armstrong Reach San Francisco.

San Francisco, Jan. 31.—With the flags at half-mast, the United States transport Thomas entered this harbor bearing the remains of Gen. Henry W. Lawton, Gen. John A. Logan, jr., Lieut. Bennett and Dr. J. J. L. Armstrong. In the cabin of the transport were about 20 passengers, including Mrs. Lawton and her children. The vessel was met at the Golden Gate by Gen. Shafter and Lieut. Wilson, Maj. W. F. Tucker, brother-in-law of Mrs. Logan, Robert Bentley, a friend of the Logan family, and Capt. Barneson, of the transport service. The Thomas was passed by the quarantine authorities and Gen. Shafter then escorted Mrs. Lawton and her children to the home of friends.

The caskets containing the bodies were landed at the transport dock and later taken to an undertakers under an escort of artillery. The funeral arrangements have not been completed, though it has been decided that no funeral services will be held here.

Buckeye Postmasters.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The following fourth-class postmasters have been commissioned in Ohio: Blachleyville, Wayne county, P. G. Swart; Franklin Station, Coshocton county, F. N. Barnes; Mandale, Paulding county, R. S. Murphy; Tamah, Mercer county Frank Shambaugh.

The Trustees Were Converted.

Butler, Ind., Jan. 30.—The three town trustees of Windfall were all converted one evening recently while attending a revival meeting, and their first official act was to order Sunday closing of every business house in the town as well as all the gambling rooms.

Thought Himself an Evil Star.

London, Jan. 31.—The Russian legation at Peking says the late emperor left a letter in which he said it would be well if he were dead, for he felt that he was the evil star of China.

WILLIAM KEPT TAB.

An Elevator Boy Who Was a Regular Gustatory Budget for the House.

Monday morning. The passenger in the elevator of the large apartment house sniffed the air.

"Seems to me, William," she said, "I smell cabbage."

"Yes'm," replied the elevator boy. "The Ferguson's, on the third floor back, is cooking 'em fur dinner."

Tuesday afternoon. "If I'm not mistaken, William, there is a strong odor of mutton here."

"Yes'm. They're havin' mutton for dinner at the Welkers', on the next floor, about halfway back."

Wednesday.

"William, where does that smell of onions come from?"

"Comes from the Clippinses', ma'am. Their company's gone, and they don't have no meat to-day."

Thursday evening. "I think I notice a flavor of soap in the atmosphere, William."

"Yes'm. The Brinkmeyers is doin' their washin'. They do that every two weeks."

Friday. "Who's having fish to-day, William?"

"The Swallingers, on the fourth floor, the Biddlecombes at the Shadwells, on the second floor, an' the Jordens, on the third. The Dornans is goin' to have turkey, but they hain't begun to cook it yet."

"Do you know what we are to have for dinner, William?"

"Yes'm. Cold meat an' turnips—but I won't tell anybody, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been